



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

sive knowledge of mankind, drawn from his own experience, and that of past ages, which taught him, that, as no state derived its greatness from fortuitous circumstances alone, so none ever fell from the rank it held but by the decline of that public spirit and virtue, to which it owed its elevation. This decline Mr. Walker saw, or thought he saw, in the general insensibility to national disgrace and humiliation; in the barefaced profligacy and dissipation of the great; in the open and avowed contempt for religion, and abandonment of all her precepts; in the prostitution of public character, which a Briton cannot contemplate without amazement, and which more than any thing indicates the decline of public virtue; in the increasing idleness and depravity of the lower ranks, who are the invigorating soul of a community, and who alone in the hour of danger can administer that support to a suffering country, which her exigencies may require. These symp-

toms, the history of every age and nation had taught him, were the sure forerunners of national decline. and whether he were justified in asserting, that his own country manifested these symptoms, must be determined by the character which she then exhibited, and has since continued to display. Yet, though he had no expectation of ever witnessing the revival of that ancient spirit, which had marked the better days of his country, this discouraging prospect did not sink him into that supine indifference, that molient despair, which the extinction of hope produces on the minds of those who are animated to exertion only by the prospect of success, and who act not from that steady adherence to principle, that conscientious discharge of duty, which are independent of circumstances, and which, aiming only at good designs, leaves the issue of events to the disposal of a wiser being.

To be Continued.

DETACHED ANECDOTES.

RAPID PROGRESS IN THE LANCASTRIAN
MODE OF TUITION, IN ONE INSTANCE,
ATTRIBUTED TO WITCHCRAFT.

IN Shropshire and Staffordshire, in the space of only eight months, a boy scarcely seventeen, has lately organized schools, and instructed school masters, for above one thousand children: the affectionate and mild, but firm conduct of this amiable lad, rendered each school a scene of pleasure and delight, in which his steady application of the system of order, proved its utility and excellence. When he took leave of one school, in order to open another at a different place, it was a most delightful sight to behold the whole school of children, lamenting his departure, as they would the loss of their nearest friend. He introduced the system so completely into one school, that the children required very little attention

to execute the plan, and thereby teach themselves. To a person not an eyewitness, it would scarcely seem credible, but it is a fact, that the master, who was a shoe maker, would sit at the head of the school with his last and leather, and attentively work and overlook the tuition of the school: he had no occasion to exert himself to prevent confusion, for the order of the system was so far introduced into the habits of the children, that they would themselves be the first to correct the smallest disorderly movement. The success of this boy's labour was so great in one instance, as to induce a countryman to go to the clergyman of the parish, who was the patron of the school, to complain that his children learned so much, and so fast, that as he did not get on at such a rate when he was a child at school, he thought witchcraft alone could produce such an effect upon his children.—

The clergyman, though scarcely able to refrain from laughter, was obliged to put on a grave countenance, and assure his parishioner, that neither magic, incantation, nor witchcraft, had any thing to do in the business.

PERTINACITY IN ERROR.

The church of Basle, in Switzerland, does not stand directly east and west: on this account the sun-dial, which is affixed to it, varies from the true time about 45 minutes. The magistrates wished to have this reformed, and with great secrecy and artifice the dial was rectified; the people, however, soon observed the innovation—Ihey arose, and tumultuously insisted, that by ancient usage they had a right to have the city dial wrong; wrong it has been, and wrong it shall be; and the people succeeded.—[See Coxe's travels in Switzerland, and Ensor on national government]—The senseless opposition to innovation, has, in many instances of more moment, been as ridiculously exemplified. In a history of human errors, the dread of innovation would stand pre-eminently conspicuous.

FENELON.

It was a common practice of the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray, to walk out into the villages round the city, seeking opportunities of doing good. In one of these rambles, hearing the sound of great lamentation, he entered the cottage whence it proceeded, inquired after the cause of this sorrow, and offered his assistance to remove it—"Alas! sir," said the good woman, "you cannot help us; we grieve for our all: we had but one cow, and she is lost; poor bruno, we have expected her coming home in vain these three days: the wolves have devoured her, and we shall perish with hunger." "Well my good children, your loss is not irreparable; I will give you another cow."—"Ah! sir, shall we ever love her like our own? It will be a long time before we forget bruno. Forget

her! neither we nor our children can prove so ungrateful: she was our support: we bought her when a calf; she knew when we spoke to her, and would answer us in her fashion: her hair was so smooth; and then little Jem would get upon her back, and she would let him ride upon her, and we would laugh; but now we can only cry. No, there is not another cow in the world can make us amends for the loss of bruno." After having done all he could to console the poor family, the worthy Prelate was departing, when the youngest girl said to him, "O, sir, if *you* would but pray to God to send us our cow again, I know she would come back." "Well, well, don't cry any more: adieu!" said the Archbishop. Thus saying, he took his way homeward. He had staid so long, that the sun was now set. After walking some way, he perceived by the twilight a cow alone in a field. Imagining this might be the cow of the poor cottagers, he went towards her, and found her exactly answering their description. Late as it was, and though he had now come above a mile on his way home, he determined to save the distressed family another night of sorrow, took hold of the end of the rope that still hung from the cow's neck, and thus led her back to the cottage.

The joy at his return with the cow may be easily conceived. The good people, persuaded that he was some angel, who had assumed the form of their beloved pastor, fell on their knees at his feet: but when they were assured that it was the Archbishop himself; and greatly fatigued as he was, that he determined to return immediately to Cambray, not to alarm his family any longer for his safety; they immediately set about cutting down some branches of trees to form a rude kind of litter, and being joined by the rest of the people of the hamlet, who had been roused by their rejoicings, conveyed the good Archbishop to the city in rustic triumph.